

YORK JOURNAL

AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, NOV. 16, 1897.

The moral law that wrong recks upon its perpetrators is having signal illustration just now in the case of Spain. The Spanish Government sent a professional criminal to Cuba to exterminate Weyler's character was well known. A soldier, but a brigand. Avoiding the parallel we must look to the deeds of the savages in Armonia. He shut him in his palace, coining wealth for himself out of the rule had become intolerable even to the Spanish sense of humanity, he left Cuba strewn with the corpses of his victims. For all this Spain was responding to the particular men who gave Weyler the opportunity of evil are not now in power to prevent of the consequences.

Weyler, assassin and thief, whom his friend, Don Romero Robledo, the Spanish Minister, calls "the type and embodiment of the national honor," having been superseded in and, has now become the terror of his people. In a spirit of insubordination that would be impossible in a soldier, but which is characteristic of Weyler, he disobeyed the order of the Government not to encourage agitation upon departure, delivered a speech criticising the policy of his superiors, and disregarded his instructions for the arrival of his successor before his arrival in Spain is now awaited by the Spanish Government, which foretells will be a power that may overthrow the Ministry but the monarchy itself.

Things that make Weyler detestable to people give him tremendous strength in command. He encourages ferocity, lust, and corruption among his subordinates. An enthusiastic following among the most and the most dangerous sections of the people.

Couples of the Sagasta Government with the butcher make it probable that it would be to carry out its promises of Cuba, re-

If it were sincere in offering them, which of the slightest reason to believe it is. On the other hand, its proposals have been scornfully rejected by the victorious patriots. In these circumstances there is no reason why we should allow

to be deflected in the smaller. To agree by the Spanish plan of campaign. The desire for Cuban freedom is as ardent as recognition of belligerency might have satisfied last year, but we have gone beyond that.

That our people confidently expect the addition to do as soon as Congress meets is to the independence of the Cuban Republic, and the desire to forbid the establishment.

one weeks of the year may cipher out the of the horse to extinction. Dealers may prize superiority of their wheels tout only or a clean-cut ear may buzz defiantly.

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deserved defeat in New York, both city and State, proceeded undoubtedly from revolt against Republican theories as put in practice at Washington, but was due in even greater degree to the self-respecting rebellion of eminent Republicans against the domination of their party by a man of no shining qualities of statecraft, and who is engaged in what is, to put it mildly, a most suspicious traffic with corporations that are subjects of public control.

It is to the glory of the Republican party in New York that so great a proportion of its ablest leaders and its intelligent rank and file stood manfully by their protest against bossism and made their revolt effective. But we must hold a different opinion of the intelligence of the party leader who meets the protest of the ablest and foremost men of his party by persisting in his arrogant course and failing back upon the association and political wisdom of the Quilgers and the Grubbers.

Mr. Platt's insistence that he is the Republican party and that the eminent men who supported Seth Low are mere political marionettes would be sublime in its audacity if it were not ridiculous.

"Get in step there, Private McGinniss," said Sergeant Files on parade, sharply.

THE BRIDGE SLAUGHTER HOUSE.

Argument on the Journal's injunction against the trolley death trap on the Bridge will be heard to-day. At that time the legal aspects of the case will be settled. Its moral aspects have already been discussed before the tribunal of public opinion, and judgment has been rendered. The people are beginning for the first time to realize what the Bridge Trustees have done, and their condemnation is extending not only to the audacious loop, but to the whole scheme of allowing the trolley lines to use the Bridge at all. They are beginning to comprehend now the magnitude of the public interest that has been given away. The companies themselves say that they expect practically to monopolize the traffic of the Bridge. That means that the revenue which now pays the interest on the cost of the structure will be diverted to the bank accounts of these corporations, and that the people will have to pay the Bridge bonds and the cost of maintenance out of the proceeds of taxation. And for all this the companies are to return substantially nothing. A car carrying sixty people will pay half the amount of one fare.

Colonel William Roebbling, who built the Bridge, says that the car tracks could have been so laid as to prevent danger to the public mind, but that this would have cost \$150,000 more than the slaughter-house plan. It would take the companies nearly two months to collect fares enough to cover that amount. Such a sacrifice, of course, would be thought of by the authorities who have turned over to the corporations in a lump the entire security for the millions invested by the public in the Bridge.

There seems to be no doubt that one of the first subjects to occupy the attention of Congress when it meets next month will be the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. If the pending treaty is not ratified with reasonable promptness direct action is likely to be taken by joint resolution of the two houses.

Evidence has been coming in for weeks past that opposition to annexation in Hawaii itself has practically disappeared except on the part of the Japanese. The natives have come to see that restoration of the monarchy is not only impossible but undesirable. If it were possible there could be no stability in the kingdom and no effective defence against foreign machinations.

The Dole Government has been in favor of annexation from the beginning. In fact, it is for that that the republic was established, and for that it has been maintained. Substantially all classes of people in the islands are in favor of it, and the only opposition is in the United States.

Even here nobody would be willing to see Hawaii fall under the sway of any European or Asiatic power, and yet that is the inevitable alternative. Either the islands will come to us or go to some other nation, because neither the present government nor the opposition to it desires a continuance of their perilous independence.

The only objection made in this country is the character of the population and the difficulty of government under our system, but Congress has complete power to adapt the method of government to the conditions to be dealt with so long as the domain is not made a self-governing State. The territorial condition could be maintained as long as necessary. Possession of Hawaii by the United States is manifest destiny.

To the dweller in cities, or even in small towns, the reason for the Postmaster-General's recommendation for postal savings banks will scarcely be apparent. Comparatively few residents of the densely populated States of the East are far from a banking institution of probable solvency, but in the great farming regions of the West and South the situation is wholly different. The stocking and the loose brick under the fireplace serve the purposes of a depository, with robbery as a frequent resultant, and withdrawal of money from circulation as a necessary accompaniment.

The extent to which private enterprise as manifested in banks has fallen short of meeting the needs of the people for the facilities of exchange is, according to Postmaster General Gary, shown conclusively by the operations of the money order offices. During the current year more than 52,000 transactions were made in these offices, and over \$200,000,000 passed through them. To the poor man the money order office is the substitute for a bank when money is to be sent away. It is an expensive substitute, for the cost of such exchange is high. Moreover, the money order department is not infrequently used as a depository for small savings—expensively again, for the depositor, instead of getting interest, is compelled to pay for the acceptance of his deposit. That many are willing to do so shows the force of the public demand for a postal savings system.

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"In step is it, Sergeant? Sure, I'm the only man in step in the whole company."

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of operating the postal savings banks were borne by appropriations of public funds, would pay 2 per cent on deposits of \$100,000,000. The figures which the Postmaster-General gives of the business done by such banks in foreign countries show how inadequate such an income would be. In 1895 France paid 3 per cent on deposits of \$143,000,000 and Great Britain 2½ per cent on deposits of \$480,000,000. There is every reason to believe that within the first year deposits in the United States would exceed \$200,000,000.

This, however, is only a detail—though perhaps the most important one—of the Postmaster-General's plan. In its spirit the plan is wise and its purpose commendable. But with the Government in the hands of the party which is given over to abject servitude of trusts and corporations it is likely that anything will be done to interfere with the business of banks, express companies and landlords?

The value of expert testimony will be seriously affected by the case of those two Washington botanists who, dined on foodstuffs and came very near losing their lives by the mistake.

The Canadian negroes complain that they are treated no better than those of their race who reside in the United States. They must concede that they are not lynched so frequently.

Mr. Dingley is so busily engaged in selecting a Presidential nominee for the Democratic party for 1900 that it is feared he will overlook the non-productive feature of the tariff law which was jammed through under his management.

Now would be an excellent time for Hon. John Brooks Leavitt to press his charges against Hon. Thomas C. Platt.

In the selection of the juries of the future the lawyers will do well to apply the appendicitis test.

There are a great many people who are unable to understand the results of an election simply because they make the mistake of believing all the stories they hear during the progress of the campaign.

Hon. Grover Cleveland and Hon. Benjamin Harrison might collaborate on a book of nursery rhymes.

The faith cure physicians have been operating in Missouri and the corners and undertakers down there are prepared to testify to the return of confidence and prosperity.

ECHOES FROM THE JOURNAL.

The Union Pacific Steal.

The New York Journal does not notice matters in its discussion of the proposed sale of the Union Pacific to the Reorganization Committee, and the consequent loss to the people of \$20,000,000. The facts in the case have been laid before the public in these columns from time to time ever since it was announced that the infamous deal between the railroad pool and the Attorney-General of the United States had been closed. It is a good omen for the cause of right and decency that the question is now receiving general attention from the unpurchased press.

Troy News.

Another Journalistic Triumph.

The full confession made yesterday by Mrs. Nack that she and Martin Thorne murdered William Guidensuppe is another triumph for modern journalism. When the victim's headless body was found the police conjectured and the old-time newspapers waited for something to turn up to write about, but the New York Journal acted, and the result is that the mystery is made as plain as day, and the two criminals stand before the bar of justice. The modern newspaper not only chronicles events—it makes and shapes them.—Blairsville (Pa.) Courier.

The Only Democratic Paper in New York.

The New York Journal, by its gallant and effective fight for the cause of Democracy, has won the thanks of leading Democrats all over the country, and we can pardon the fact that it devotes several pages to congratulatory telegrams in view of its eminent service. The Journal is the only Democratic paper in New York, and its ability and enterprise justify its title to be considered "the leading" Democratic journal of the country.—Mississippi Democrat.

A Strong Navy Our Best Defence.

The New York Journal, in its leading editorial on Sunday, after discussing this subject, asserts that "our best defence" is a strong navy, since it "is impossible to fortify the entire length of our thousands of miles of coast line."

That's the right kind of talk. But, as Captain Mahan, the greatest living writer on naval history and the influence of sea power on history says, in a country like ours a large merchant shipping must precede the construction of a great navy. Delay only increases our danger.—Seaboard.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

Need of Rapid Transit.

To the Editor of the Journal:

I would rather go to bed suppers than miss reading the Journal's editorial page. Every issue teems with suggestions and demands for the popular right. Mount your heaviest siege guns and train them on the people that are delaying rapid transit, which you advocate to-day so strongly. The crowded and crushing condition of the elevated and surface roads is a disgrace to a city like New York and would not be tolerated in any European country. Russell Sage, the philanthropist, delayed taking one of the elevated cars those smoky and foul-smelling old lamps until public opinion forced him to do so. The poor girls and women who are cluttered together and trod upon in the elevated cars like hogs in a live stock car cry out for redress, and it is to the Journal we all look for help. The underground electric power and lighted road is our salvation. M. New York, Nov. 10.

A Thirtieth Juror.

To the Editor of the Journal:

On more than one occasion I have advocated the selection of an "extra juror," the plan being as follows: Let an act be passed empowering the Court, after the regular jury has been chosen and sworn, to select supernumerary, who could take his seat next to them, later to the evidence, and, in case one of them be taken ill and unable to perform his duties, take the vacant seat. Of course, this would not be necessary in ordinary, every-day trials, but only in cases of great importance, such as those of long continuance and great expense. A simple provision of this kind would avert the necessity of rendering nugatory the entire work of the court, beginning everything anew, and then save a vast amount of time, labor and expense. A thirtieth juror, say I. Why not?

AN ATTORNEY.

Comparative Journalistic Influence.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Every paper which professes to be a Democratic sheet is now loudly proclaiming its devotion to "Democratic Hall" and its non-loyalty to the cause of Democracy. As a matter of fact, the only two papers which succeeded in helping the ticket to win were the Journal and your Democratic contemporary, the Daily News. To show how little influence the World has in politics and circulation, it is only necessary to say that with all its so-called labor in the cause of Henry George, they could not control 25,000 votes; in fact, I think they did not control the votes of the very men who kept pouring copy into the editors' rooms.

I. E. MITCHELL.

The Journal and the Trolleys.

To the Editor of the Journal:

The position you have taken regarding the outrage to the traveling public, and especially the Brooklyn contingent, in securing the injunction which through your instrumentality was obtained against the further progress of the trolley loop at the New York side, is timely, and it is hoped will result in the adoption of measures that will put an effective injunction which will be permanent in its character and prevent any additional outrage to the comfort of Brooklynites. I can safely voice the general sentiment of those living in Brooklyn that the trolley across the Bridge is not needed. It is simply a political trick, and, no doubt, as you aptly say, during the haste and excitement of the recent Majority campaign. It is the efforts and continual hammering and determination of the Journal to get the facts for the sake of the public good that helps

Talk of the Literary Shop.

THE Criterion Theatre, which will begin its season on Friday afternoon, November 18, with a performance of one of Ibsen's plays, is an enterprise which is at least worthy of serious consideration on the part of literary men and women because of the opportunities it promises to those who have something new or clever to present to the world in dramatic form. I don't know what the directors of the Criterion Theatre will produce in the way of dramas suited to the comprehension of the intelligent minority of playgoers, but I do know that they are making some very good promises, and I trust that they will live up to them. Moreover, it must be said of them that so far they have shown no disposition to vulgarize their undertaking by the introduction of brilliant society women to pour tea in the lobby between the acts, nor have they looked to the old literary and magazine hacks for their material, but have rather enlisted the services of men who are not weighed down by the shackles of tradition and conventionality. They are much more likely to get something new from Perceval Holland or Vance Thompson than from the sort of literary man who has devoted more thought and study to the art of selling manuscript to magazine editors than to that of writing it. Therefore, let us at last give this new venture a respectful, if critical, hearing.

Miss Eliza Armstrong has collected some of the sketches which have appeared from time to time in the columns of the Journal and published them, together with a few others, in a very attractive volume which bears the imprint of Way & Williams, of Chicago, and is entitled "The Teacup Club." So popular have these little sketches proved with Journal readers, since the first of them appeared about two years ago, and so carefully have they been read, that extended critical notice seems out of place here, though they deserve and will probably receive high praise in the publications which have not had the good fortune to print them in their original form.

Miss Armstrong is a bit of a cynic, and that is the reason that a good many women declare that they "can't bear her teacup stuff," which is a much higher meed of praise than I can offer, but she commands an audience of clever women who appreciate the germ of truth that underlies her work, and there are even men who enjoy reading about the "blue-eyed girl," the "girl with the Roman nose," and "the girl with a dimple in her chin," and their varied views of men, life and manners. There is scarcely a topic of interest to the woman of to-day that does not find its way into the discussions of the Teacup Club, and there is scarcely a member of that organization who does not find something fresh and bright to say as each subject comes in turn to the surface. As a study in feminine conversation the Teacup Club can be cordially recommended to any one.

One of the most important literary acquisitions of Columbia College is the extraordinary work entitled "National, State and Individual Records," known popularly as "The Townsend Library," and presented to the college in the Spring of 1895 by F. Augustus Schermerhorn, Esq. The Library consists of 120 volumes, and forms the only complete literary history of the rebellion extant, together with the civil history of the war and the period of reconstruction. They show, moreover, the attitude of our statesmen, both in and out of Congress, toward the great struggle, the life of the people as it was affected by war times and the way in which the vast armies were recruited and furnished with the needs of war. The student of American history has reason to be thankful to Mr. Schermerhorn for preserving this remarkable work in New York within reach of all.

I understand that Professor H. T. Peck, of Columbia College and The Bookman, has written for the Cosmopolitan Magazine for December an essay on modern journalism, of a sort calculated to cause considerable squirming in various editorial chairs. There probably will not be much actual squirming, because, no matter what modern journalism may be, the modern editor is the sort of man who can laugh a noose in the face, and says very little attention to printed attacks, unless his own name is mentioned, when he is apt to foam at the mouth, as Mr. Lawrence Godkin did when this same Professor Peck placed him on The Bookman's dissecting table some time ago. The modern editor is, after all, a sensitive creature.

One of the best-known American poems of the early part of this century is the one beginning

"Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse."

which was written by Dr. Clement C. Moore in the year 1822 as a Christmas present for his children. This poem has been translated into many tongues and reprinted in many forms, and this year G. W. Dillingham Company issue it in the shape of a little volume, with illustrations by Frederick Thornburg, a facsimile of the original manuscript, and an interesting sketch of the author, from the pen of William S. Pelleran. It is agreeable now and then to turn from such topics as the confession of Mrs. Nack and the doings of the Croker party in Virginia to glance at verses that for the past three-quarters of a century have been household words in homes in every part of the civilized globe, and to read again the story of how they were written. And it is pleasant to be reminded, as we are in this book, that "The Night Before Christmas" was not the only good deed placed to the credit of Dr. Moore, for in 1818 he presented to the Episcopal Seminary the block of land that extends from Ninth avenue to the Hudson River, between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, now occupied by the buildings of the Theological Seminary and forming one of the most attractive and interesting old-time corners of the town.

WHY HE WENT UP.

"John! John!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins; "wake up! I hear a burglar downstairs!" Mr. Perkins jumped up, hurriedly put on his trousers and slippers and rushed from the room.

After he had been silent for a minute or two Mrs. Perkins called.

"John! John! Where are you, John?"

"Here I am," Mr. Perkins answered.

"What on earth are you doing up in the attic?" Mrs. Perkins shrieked.

"Confound it," replied Mr. Perkins, "or he was down."

A Fairy Tale of Real Life.

WHEN the impressionist painter came to his studio, still dusty from his long voyage in the railway train Guy Lane, his earliest friend, arriving from the depths of the Sierra Nevada, and when this traveler announced to him that he had come to New York to practise the profession of a poet, the impressionist painter was very naturally astonished. But seeing how handsome the young man was, what flames were in his eyes, what appetites on his lips, what brown tresses of hair he had to wear out before he became bald, Bruce had no longer a desire to laugh or weep, and thought only that he should let things go as they wished to go.

"Have you an evening dress?" the impressionist painter asked.

"No," said Guy Lane, "not even a sort of evening dress."

"Well, there is to be a concert at the house of Lais to-night. I will take you there, so that you will become acquainted with New York at once. You shall see the minds, the merchant princes, the demigods, the women for whom one goes to glory—or to the penitentiary. The difficult thing is to be the eagle in the farce."

Audacious enough to seem to be a rebel; even after Alma Tadema, Bruce has the violent and subversive ambition to paint the Greeks and the Romans as they must have been, and to place them in the excessive and turbulent thing that life is. He thinks, not without reason perhaps, that the Greeks and Romans were modern people in their time. Willingly, he throws over them Phoenician mantles, cloaks embroidered with hunting scenes, and covers the hair of the Greek women with the large straw hats that the women of Nice wear. As for the subjects which he selects, they are real enough to make the classic couplets stand on end like hair.

They are Greek military men, in brilliant copper cuirasses, courting nursery maids; a philosophical discussion among socialists of Athens; a bear movement in oils at the Bourse of Athens, where the fat merchants are draped in carpets; the Delphic janitor, alone after the ceremonies, sweeping the temple with a broom made of laurel leaves; Bruce painted, last week, a Phoenician vessel landing with its actual painted red, and his beard powdered with violet dust, shod with boots the toes of which turn up and wearing large earrings and a necklace of blue pearls.

Bruce has evoked the real antiquity, like the sleeping beauty which the prince in the fairy tale awakens by a kiss of love; but what aided him in this miracle is the fact that he has antiquity in his studies, the person of his model, Lais. How did destiny permit a Greek goddess, with regular and pure features culled from a strange savageness, of Marmorean pallor, with sombre eyes and copper colored hair, to live in New York at the end of the nineteenth century. If the reason be not that destiny had resolved to transform a great artist by giving to him the rarest object on earth—a model.

She does not pose always nude. At times, clothed with the most voluptuous refinement, she is a Roman of the time of Nero. Then her hair is dressed in small curls forming a crown. Her undershirt is Etruscan byssus, white and striped; her overskirt in wool of Thessaly, her palla in white cloth of Gergovia, her sandals in white raskin of Scythia, her necklace of pale gold, sculptured with a hammer found in a tomb of the Amazons, and the amulets of Syria, which she wears in her ears and in her hair, make of her the prettiest woman who ever gave receptions to artists in her house.

Bruce took his friend to Lais's reception. A thousand lights inflamed the stuffs and metals; the women, young, splendid, in white, in corn yellow, in pale pink with scarfs of flowers, passed in a whirlwind of diamonds, and the men whom Lane devoured with his eyes, did not resemble ordinary humanity.

"Madame," said Bruce, presenting Guy to Lais, "my friend Lane, a poet."

"A real one?" she asked.

But without waiting for the painter's answer she looked at the newcomer's eyes and replied to herself, "Yes." Then she left the two young men.

There was an intermission. An artist played the violin and another recited verses.

Ashamed a little of his bad evening dress and humiliated at being nothing in this place, where everybody was something, Guy took refuge in a corner of the drawing room. Almost hidden by the curtains at the window he looked at the women and the men, strugglers, conquerors, and thought that he, too, would have to struggle with life, which most of them had tamed already.

He saw himself work, piling up efforts, blissed, applauded, strangled by indifference, criticised adversely, insulted, carved into small pieces by the publishers, buried in a commonplace by the newspapers, poor, covered with gold, rendered stupid by the play actors, and having forever under his pen the frightful, the implacable, the inexhaustible, the cruel white paper on which one must put thoughts, images, beings that breathe, and where one must, without trace, group harmoniously the chorus in recital of sonorous words.

He reflected quickly, calmly, with a mild rapidity, like a drowning man. In a few minutes, under the ferocious obsession of the Muse, he created, invented, imagined poems and dramas, and executed them with their episodes. Suddenly, at the other end of the drawing room, he saw Lais with eyes fixed on him. At the same time he felt by a magnetic intuition that his thoughts were visible on his face, and that she read them currently as one reads a book.

He felt this, but he would not believe it, saying to himself, "It is impossible." Mentally he added, "But if it were true? If she were to give credit to me for everything? If that perfect being were to see me now as I will be after defeat, after victory, and suppress all the disgust, the misery and the anguish that shall come between the divine cup and the lips?"

Lais disappeared. Lane thought, "If she were to take my hand?" At this moment he felt somebody taking his hand in fact. He was led into a sombre corridor and from there into a boudoir with silk divans, hardly illuminated by a silver candelabra, where burned a small light in a pink crystal cup. Here had been thrown at random on the divans mantles, swansdown scarfs, chinchilla cloaks. It was